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JOHN OVERS.

Before there was any bridge built over the Thames, the conveyance was by a ferry, which uſed to carry paſſengers &c. from Southwark to the city by boats; which ferry was rented of the city by John Overs, who enjoyed it for many years. This man, tho' he kept many ſervants, was of ſo covetous a mind, that he would not, even in old age, ſpare his own weak body, nor abate any thing of his unneceſſary labor, only to ſave expences. From his firſt increaſe of wealth, he always put his money out to uſe, which in time grew to ſuch a mighty increaſe, that it was almoſt equal to the firſt nobleman's in the land; notwithſtanding, in his habit, houſekeeping, and expences, he expreſſed nothing ſo much as miſerable poverty. This Charon had one daughter both beautiful and pious; and he

took care enough to see her liberally educated; but when she grew up and fit for marriage, he would suffer no man (by his good will) to have any access to her. He was of so poor and wretched a disposition, that, when he would not be at the charge of a fire, he has roasted, or at least heated, a black pudding in his bosom, and eat of it: and has given his servants some of the pudding out of his bosom, which has been heated by his rowing over the water. Puddings were then a yard for a penny; and whenever he gave them their allowance he used to say, "There, you hungry dogs, you will undo me with eating." He would scarce afford a poor neighbor the lighting of a candle, lest they should in some part impoverish him, by taking some of the light. He has also gone in the night to scrape on the dunghill, and if he could find any bones, he would bring them home in his cap, and have them stewed for pottage; and instead of oatmeal, he would buy the siftings of coarse meal, and with this make the poor servants their broth. He bo't his bread at the market, not caring how mouldy or stale it was; and when he brought it home, he cut it into slices, and laid it in the sun, that it might be the harder to be eaten. Meat he would not buy, unless it was tainted, & therefore would go farther in the family; and when his dog has refused it, he said, he was a dainty cur, and

better fed, than taught, and then eat himſelf. He needed no cats, for all the rats and mice voluntarily left the houſe, as there were no crumbs left by his ſervants to feed them. It is farther reported of him, that, to ſave one day's expenſes, he firſt feigned himſelf ſick, & the next day to die, and his body to be laid out, for no other purpoſe, than to ſave one day's proviſions; apprehending that while his body was above ground, his ſervants would not be ſo unnatural as to take any manner of food till they had ſeen him in the earth, purpoſing to recover the next morning after the charge was ſaved; and with this he acquainted his daughter, who, againſt her own will, conſented to ſatisfy his humor. He was then laid out for dead, and wrapt up in a ſheet (for he would not be at the expenſe of a coffin) --he was laid out in his chamber, with one candle ſet burning at his head, and another at his feet; which was the cuſtom of the time. His apprentices hearing of the glad tidings, hoping to be rid of their penurious ſervitude, came to ſee the joyful ſpectacle, and ſuppoſing him really dead, began to dance & ſkip about the corpſe. One run into the kitchen, and breaking open the cupboard, brought out the brown loaf; another fetched out the cheeſe; and a third drew a flagon of beer, and began filling their empty bellies, being almoſt ſtarved -- and rejoicing among them-

ſelves, thinking they were in expectation of future help and comfort, and to be freed from the hard uſage they had endured. The old man lay quaking all this while to ſee this waſte, and thinking he ſhould be undone, he could endure it no longer, but ſtirring and ſtruggling in his ſheet, like a ghoſt, and taking a candle in each hand, was going to rout them for their boldneſs, when one of them, thinking it was the devil, in his likneſs, in amazement caught hold of the butt end of a broken oar, and at one blow ſtruck out his brains.

Look here, ye little ſouls, and view,
How Overs *much reſembles* you.

RICHMOND, (Virg.) May 26.

Perhaps a more tragical ſcene has never happened in Virginia, than that which took place on ſaturday morning laſt, on the waters of Chickahomony river. James Hopkins & George his younger brother, together with John S. Punter and Wm. Shell, were going from one of Mr. Hopkin's landings, round a neck of marſh to another—James, the eldeſt, had the management of the canoe, who, it ſeems, from an early period in life had delighted in miſchief-and being extremely venturefome in water, has taken great delight in alarming boys of his age, and alſo men, when t was in his power ſo to do. On their paſſ-

age when in water 16 feet deep, he began with his deteſted levity, and rocked the canoe ſo as to bring great dread on the minds of his youthful comrads—they all ſolicited him in the warmeſt terms to deſiſt—but in vain—his brother, it is ſaid, was reduced to tears, & begged him to leave off rocking the canoe—but all would not avail—he continued his frolic—till at length the canoe was turned bottom upwards. It appears that George and John Punter got hold of James, that the three ſunk together, and that at the bottom he, with the utmoſt difficulty diſengaged himſelf from them, which he affected by his clothes giving away, and being a ſwimmer he ſaved himſelf. Shell, who could not ſwim at all, ſays he ſunk twice, and as he roſe the ſecond time, he gat hold of the canoe, and eſcaped—poor Punter and George drowned. P. was the only ſon Mrs. Bullifant, aged 19 years. The bodies were drawn up with a ſturgeon hook. The diſtreſsful ſcene baffles all deſcription.

What ſorrowful events do often take place by fooling ; and it muſt be added with grief, that not only boys and fools, but men are too frequently engaged in this ſolemn evil, the pleaſures of which, at beſt, muſt be truly miſerable.

To delight to ſport with the feelings of others, betrays extenſive depravity in him that does it, and is to be ſhunned.

Late Murder of Underhill.

I. D. Underhill, a deſerter into the B. dominions, by capt. Bennett's orders was taken, and bacauſe he attempted to eſcape was mortally wounded, and narrowly eſcaped having his brains blown out after he fell. B. was proud of it, and ſaid he would do ſo again on like occaſion ! ! !

Can any man of ſenſibility refrain from having his blood boil in his veins, at ſuch acts of perfect ſavage cruelty ? Had the inhuman B. poſſeſſed the ſpirit of Waſhington, would he have done this this cruel deed? - - - No.

Officers may remember that the effectual way to command is to be beloved ; but who can eſteem ſuch a monſter as B. ? fear him cowards may, and ſo they might ſome other deteſtable being. It is a pity officers in the American forces ſhould not always have the fear of GOD with them, and it it is to be believed they would conduct, at leaſt ſome, different from what is now too often the caſe.

WITCHCRAFT.

When a boy, I remember, that ſcarcely a week paſſed without hearing ſome notable ſtory of recent witchcraft. But at this day we hardly hear ſuch a tale once a month.

Then there were at leaſt four able bodied witches to a town ; but now, ſcarcely one can be muſtered ; nay, I know of ſeveral whole towns with not a ſingle witch in them.

Then if a teamſter had his ſled or wheels upſet, the neareſt witch was ſure to bear the hobgoblin, frightful, infernal blame of it; but now he is forced to lay it off on a rock, a ſtump, or a ſnow drift. In thoſe days if a man was taken out of his warm bed, and ridden a hundred miles through the air, it was certainly ſome old witch that did it, now it is turned off upon a dream, a diſturbed imagination, or at beſt, the night mare. If a boy then got into an odd ſort of a way, uſing contortions, grimaces, or other ſingular geſtures or movements, he was ſure to be bewitched; whereas it is nothing more than the hypo, St. Vitus' dance, or ſome ſuch diſorder. Theſe caſes and contraſts are aſſerted as matters of fact; and are mentioned partly to ſhow how witchcraft has decreaſed theſe late years, and partly how thoſe witches are notoriouſly degenerated; ſo that for the matter of exploits they do, we might as well be without them.

ON RASHNESS.

Many inocent men have ſuffered by the raſh execution of the law, and the thought is truly painful; but this evil is not confined here, it runs through all claſſes of people, and how often, without the leaſt ſhadow of evidence, they paſs ſentence on their neighbor, and charge him with crimes he never com-

mitted. This great evil ſeparates chief friends. The good character of no one ſhould be butchered without good and ſubſtantial teſtimony. When a man's reputation is gone, what has he left for a ſubſtitute? think of this ye poſſitive ones, and learn to prove your work, leſt you juſtly ſuffer through what may be proved againſt you.

The Shadow.

At ſunriſe in the morning, when I am walking behind my long towering ſhadow, this converſation I hold with it on moral ſubjects; Look, ſay I, dear ſhadow, art thou not like a youth to whom, when the ſun of life is riſing, the earth ſeems too ſmall? Juſt when I lift up a leg, thou liſteſt another, as if thou wouldſt ſtep over ten acres at once; and yet, when thou putteſt down thy leg, thy ſtep is ſcarcely a ſpan long. So fares it with youth. He ſeems as tho' he would deſtroy or create a world; and yet, in the end, he does none of thoſe things which might be expected from like diſcourſe. Let the ſun now riſe higher, and thou wilt become ſmaller, as the youth boaſts leſs the older he grows. I compare the morning, noon and, evening ſhadow, with many things; and the longer we walk together, the better we get acquainted. At preſent I can forego many things which I formerly conſidered as indiſpenſible

neceſſaries. The ſhadow is my watch and my pedrometer— & ſometimes my footman. It is a pity a man cannot exiſt in his ſhadow, as his ſhadow exiſts in him.

In the evening, a man's ſhadow is a very ſerious thing—the beſt moraliſt—a real hour glaſs—a true *memento mori*. When the ſhadow runs forward before me, ſtill becoming longer and leſs viſible, as if already hiding its head in the darkneſs of eternity, while behind is the ſetting ſun, and before a riſing ſtar, the ſhadow then ſeems to ſay, Thou art on the brink of eternity; the ſun is going down: but loſe not courage; we ſhall become greater, and before us already is ſuſpended a better ſtar, the firſt ray of eternity beyond the grave. ECCENTRIC.

SAMUEL AUSTIN.

Samuel Auſtin, of Colcheſter, in the ſtate of Vermont, living about 30 miles from Cannada line, a moſt extraordinary character, profeſſes to have the gift of healing. The number who have applied to him is immenſe. A friend of ours has been to viſit him; he had an unaccountable croud of appliants from almoſt every quarter, and from great diſtances. He profeſſes not to have the power to work miricles, but that of healing the ſick, who may come to ſee him, or ſend by writing, if their caſe is not the conſumption in its laſt ſtage, or that of ſome chronic complaints,

which muſt go down to the grave with the diſeaſed. Thoſe who have been afflicted with diſtreſſing complaints, have profeſſedly obtained help from him: a great number think he has the power he profeſſes, and can really cure. Some whoſe diſorders have been tho't laſting as life, have really been cured by ſome means, they have applied to him and really think that thus they were healed; others believe he is an impoſter; but the number of caſes made known to him within our knowledge may in the end determine

Mr. A. hears the caſe ſtated, then he appears to ſay ſomething to himſelf, or pray, after this he gives his opinion whether the ſick will recover, if he thinks the diſorder will not be removed, he declares it. He is a man of years, has a good moral character, & is a quaker, and in eaſy circumſtances to appearance. We have not much to ſay in judgment of this man; but this we know, he is a ſingular profeſſor.

PALMER, June 21.

This morning was found dead in her garret, the widow S. Scott of this town, aged 50 years. Mrs. S. for ſome time had felt the cares of life ſeverely, which bro't her into lowneſs of ſpirits. The day before her death ſhe was much caſt down, but it is ſuppoſed ſhe retired to reſt at night, roſe early in the morning and ſpoke to her eldeſt ſon. After ſun-riſe, ſhe was miſſed, but ſoon was found dead in the garret, with her head about a

yard from the floor, thi'o a crupper of a saddle and with her face downwards, partly hanging in this way, and partly on the floor. It appears she took a bridle up stairs for the purpose (which was found lying by her) but made use of the crupper, which appears to have been deliberately fixed as an instrument of death. She has left a number of children to mourn her untimely end, by violence from her own hands.

Poor woman! surely you forgot
Th' accute distress of friendship dear:
Your little children you have brought,
With broken hearts to drop the tear.

JUNE 23.

Drowned this day, in this town, in the Ware branch of Chicopee river, a son of Mr. Zadoc Cooley, in his 3d year. He attempted to pass the stream on a foot bridge, and fell off. A few years ago Mr. C. lost a son, aged about 5 years, at the same place, in much the same way.

Curious Orthography.

The law respecting patents requires each inventer to deposit in the patent office, in the department of state, a model of his machine, if required. Vast numbers of those "tangrams and gimcracks" are piled up in the office, of every shape and size, making it a great *toy shop*.—Upon one of those models is the following direction, *verbatim et literatim.*

To Head Kuarters
At the Setey of Washeten
To the Hombel Presedunt
Or Sectery of Steats

POETRY.

What is Love?

'Tis that de'ightſome tranſport we can feel,
Which painters cannot paint, nor words reveal,
Nor any art we know of can conceal.

Canſt thou deſcribe the ſunbeams to the blind?
Or make him feel a ſhadow with his mind?
So neither can we, by deſcription ſhow,
This firſt of all felicities below.
When happy love pours magic o'er the ſoul,
And all our thoughts in ſweet delirium roll-
When Contemplation ſpreads its rain-bow wings,
And every flutter ſome new rapture brings,
How ſweetly then our moments glide away,
And dreams prolong the tranſports of the day;
We live in extacy, to all things kind;
For love can teach a moral to the mind.
But are there not ſome other tho'ts that prove,
What is this wonder of the ſoul, call'd love?
O, yes! there are, but of a different kind,
The dreadful horrors of a diſmal mind.
Some jealous fury throws its poiſon'd dart,
And rends in pieces the diſtracted heart.
When love's a tyrant, and the ſoul a ſlave,
No hope remains to thought, but in the grave:
In that dark den it ſees an end to grief,
And what was once its dread, becomes relief.
What are the iron chains the hands have wro't?
The hardeſt chain to break is made of tho't.
Think well of this, ye lovers, and be kind,
Nor play with torture on the tortur'd mind.

End of No. 2.